Bero. Yet I haue a tricke,
Of the olde rage: beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees; soft, let vs see,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs*, on those three,
They are infected, in their hartes it lyes:
They haue the Plague, and caught it of your eyes,
These Lordes are visited, you are not free,
For the Lords tokens on you do I see.
Quee. No, they are free that gaue these tokens to vs,
Berow. Our states are forfait, seeke not to vndoo vs.
Rosa. It is not so, for how can this be true,
That you stand forfait, being those that sue.
Bero. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.
Rosa. Nor shall not, if I do as I intende.
Bero. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an ende.
King. Teach vs sweet Madame, for our rude transgression
Some faire excuse.
Quee. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but euen now, disguysde?
King. Madame, I was.
Quee. And were you well aduisde?
King. I was faire Madame.
Quee. When you then were heere,
What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world, I did respect her.
Quee. When she shall challenge this, you wil reiect her.
King. Vpon mine honour no.
Quee. Peace peace, forbeare: your Oth once broke, you
force not to forsweare.
King. Despise me when I breake this oth of mine.
Quee. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline*,
What did the *Russian* whisper in your eare?
Rosa. Madame, he swore that he did hold me deare,
As precious ey-sight, and did value me
Aboue this Worlde: adding thereto more ouer,
That he would wed me, or els die my Louer.
Quee. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Most honourablie doth vphold his word.

King

King. What meane you Madame: by my life my troth,
I neuer swore this Lady such an oth.
Rosal. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: but take it sir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeue.
Quee. Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Berow. Neither of either: I remit both twaine.
I see the tricke ant: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our meriment,
To dash it like a Christmas Comedie:
Some carry tale, some please-man, some sleight saine:
Some mumble newes, some trencher Knight, some Dick
That smyles, his checke in yeeres, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when shees dispos'd:
Told our intentes before: which once disclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then wee
Folowing the signes, wood but the signe of shee,
Now to our periurie, to add more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Forestall our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foote by'th squier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe sir and the fier,
Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?
You put our Page out: goe, you are aloude.
Die when you will, a Smocke shalbe your shroude.
You leere vpon me, do you: ther's an eie
Wounds like a leaden sword.
Boyet. Full merely hath this braue nuage, this carreere
bin run.
Bero. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Ber. Welcome pure wit, thou partst a faire fray.
Clow. O Lord sir, they would know,

 Whether